BIG-WIGS AND WITNESSES.

MARGARET SULLIFAN'S PICTURES OF MEN AND SCENES IN THE PARNELL TRIAL.

The Goodness and Ugitness of Sir John Day webster in Contrast—The One Powdered Wig of the Commission—McDonaid and Noames—Some of the Counsel—Witnesses who Came Of with Flying Colors,

LONDON, July 3 .-- Sir John Day, who sits upon the right of Sir James Hannen in the Parnell Commission, is said to represent the plety of the bench, Sir James Hannen the law, and Bir Archibald Smith the politics, I shall cer-tainly be surprised if the jest concerning Sir Archibald Smith be aught but a jest, for reasons to be given hereafter. As for Sir John Day, it is unavoidable to admit that he recalls a portion of a familiar phrase in "Paradise

Absoluted the devil stood And felt how awful goodness is. The poet goes on to speak of Virtue in her shape how lovely.

Sir John Day is not lovely, and his goodness is awful. He is the homeliest man I ever saw There is a certain uncomeliness which is pleasing, or interesting, or entertaining. Sir John Day is appallingly homely. Looking at him reminds one of a wooden Indian a good part of the time, so utterly expressionless are his sountenance, his figure, his attitudes, his slumbers, his ruminations. Other times he recalls George Eliot's characterization of the poet Young, whose imagination was alternately fired by the last day and by a creation of peers; who fluctuated between rhapsodic applause of King George and applause of Jehovah; whose secular nature believed in cambric bands and silk stockings and whose spiritual nature walked chiefly in graveyards. Sir John Day is so grim, so gruesome, so upright, yet so deficient in interpretative deportment that he defies any but necessarily unjust deription, and is withal so prostrating a phenomenon of personal unattractiveness that one feels bound in chivalry to insist upon his goodness as a compensation for his ugliness. His forehead is neither broad nor high. Yet its perceptives are full and its shape by no means indicative of an inferior intellect. His cheeks are long and surly, and there is a whining deep line from the top of each nostril curving outwardly down to the ends of his mouth. The upper lip is thin and caustic, the lower full and protruding, suggesting a mixture of to express. His chin is the worst feature of his face. Puffy and bulbous, it recedes with a positiveness which Nast has fixed upon a type of Celtie face no Celt loves.

No man's deportment or personal appearance

may safely be assumed to betray his real nature. Far be it from me to undertake to say that because Sir John Day is as expressionless as a wooden Indian most of the time, he is without sensibility, or that there is anything more than imagination in the circumstance that now and then upon certain occasions the reddish-brown side whiskers, the peculiar lips and chin, and a certain flerceness in his eyes make me think of him as material out of which the devil would have made a sturdy Orangeman if God or the Queen had not made him a Judge. His wig is doubtless responsible for much of his unhandsome aspect. It requires some mildness, at least a few lines of grace, to look well in these antiquated barbarisms. The wig that adds to the fine presence of Sir James the amiability of Sir Archibald Smith, makes the ugliness of Sir John Day only more repulsive. He sleeps frequently upon the beach. He sleeps budly. He tries, it is clear, not to sleep, at least, sometimes, and the gradually declining struggle which his sense of propriety makes with his tendency to slumber is marked by little gasps and bobs of the head against the back of his chair or soft tumbles of his chin upon his breast. I fancy he dreams when he sleeps, for there is just visible a slight nervous twitch of the lips in his alumber which never is tolerated upon them when he is awake. He seems more awake when asleep than when awake. Although not often asleep for more than ten minutes at a time. I have never seen him fully awake except upon a certain set of occasions. These occasions have invariably been when the testimony being brought out was against Ireland's side in this action.

He generally seems not to pay the least at-

tention to the proceedings. He writes letters. He reads books. He ruminates, He looks with some little interest upon his figured old-fashfoned pockethandkerchief, which he uses so sonorously as to render the contemporaneous testimony inaudible. Of course he can read the testimony in print with a colder judicial sense than be can listen to it. This presumption must be made. He has been keen enough in face when he detected a priest in the witness box trying to escape a candid defence of his action at an eviction, or undertaking to explain consistently with namby pamby ideas of justice and tair play a speech he made under the inspiration of a brutal spectacle or a moving scene of human woe. In one of these in-stances an old clergyman tried to make it appear that certain remarks had made about furnishing testimony for the Times in his parish were not especially exprehensible because delivered when he was giving the Stations of the Cross at a farm house; sess so than it spoken from the attar of the chapet. For the first time that day sir John Day seemed to be in possession of the most mimble aculties. He was after as a hound after a hare. His eyes flashed and his large frame thrilled with excitement. He explained to Sir James Hannen wently ansered at the old rieses are, and either that any distinction would be made between words spoken on the ground outside the farm house at such a time and a sermon delivered from the parish culpit. Perhaps he was right, But it was painful to observe the intensity with which the one Catholic on the bench—for Sir John is eminent among the English Catholic Torles who hate everything Irish—expounded with manifest ascerbity what he might have reserved for the decorum of the consultation from or the reflection of his own conselence.

The conviction that he is an indomitable opponent of Ireland is so general among all with whom I come in contact that he must look upon his own ideas on the subject assound and right. Notwithstanding his want of expression during the proceedings except when hoselite to one side, and in spite of his gruesomeness, he has friends who tell me that he can laugh as well as any one, can make a loke, and is a man of prefound virtue and irrepressabile character, which I well believe. Thus again he is like George Eliot's peat, Young, when not withstanding is one of his intimates said his presensions to pertinacity and reserve, was modest and catlent of contradiction, and even informing and entertaining.

Sir Archibald Smith mays unremitting attention to the exidence. He is not so copioas a note make as Sir James Hannen. But he is observant intelligent, genial, the not unirequently asks questions of witnesses. He is kind in his hearing. During more than a formation of any term of the contrast of the character, wit

sciously against him. But seeking to be fair. I should say that Sir Richard Webster may display in other fields than cross-examination powers he has not manifested here. Tenacity he has, a good scent also, and an apprehension of the moral value of matters that legally are not worth much in an action like this. But in this case, in addition to being disc edited on its very threshold by the demonstration of the forgeries of the letters be had offered as genuine to the court, he has been the victim of a system of misinformation based upon malignant falsehood and wholesale inaccuracy. The distinction between solicitor and barrister, which does not prevail with us, has advantages in common actions. In this it placed counsel perhaps on both sides at enormous disadvantage. The bench lenient in its attitude toward both sides, has held neither to the precise conventionalities which are so rigorous in British courts in general. The matter in dispute, moreover, has not been one of a single fact, or a series of connected facts or inter-elated circumstances. The action has been practically the legal demonstration of a revolution, it involves the bistory of the English garrison in Ireland. It involves the long, intricate, and di cuit story of the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland, it involves the long, intricate, and denith in Ireland, but the Irish and the sympathizers with their misfortunes in America, Australia, England and Scotiand. It involves the tergivorsations of both the great English parties in their tenative efforts to get the support of Mr. Parnell in and out of Farliament for the smallest commodity in exchange. No solicitor could instruct counsel efficiently in such a case.

such a case. Sir Richard Webster is at an enormous dis-

cur rectains a continuous and continuous and the possessor of intellectual gifts that would make him distinguished in any protession, but because Sir Charles Russell in momparably a profounder Inwyer and the possessor of intellectual gifts that would make him distinguished in any protession, but because Sir Charles Russell understands his case intuitively in the general with as fine exactitude as he acquires his most trivial details of fact from his briefs. His mode of examination is therefore in striking contrast to that of Sir Ilchard Webster. Sir Charles Russell never starts off with an interrogatory without knowing what the answer will be said where that answer will land him and his side of that trait with all the other and the manufacture of the case. He speaks sowiy, if compared that trait with all the other words. He employs no underessory words. His method is clean. He stands reflective the high second of the modern of the lawyers on both sides do in an English ordinary trail and as many of them as in the side of his anceston into the fewest words, seems innocent as a whild in his purpose, and when the answer is in it is found that he has embedded another great point in the record. Which it is not to be possible to disturb.

Attorney-General Webster is a man who may in other actions be acte, direct, self-relying, and effective. But owing primarily to an eagerness of nature an unwillingness to think enough before setting out, and a fatuousness in running into bind alleys, and owing certainly to hiswant of knowledge-concerning frish history in general and the misleading instructions afforded him in this case, he continually cane back with patient of the course of expected information had been carefully reared for him of ounded persons, often petulantly striving to make a witness representas liting the dead; often totally changing personalities under discussion; getting here of the course of the course of the course of the course of the fine of the court that his instructions and been pice and with more of

Mr. McDonald is a small feetle-looking person whom one would rick out in a cloud as a seller of a combination familiar in the British islands—tea and spirits—the one warranted not to cheer and the other to inebriate only the end of the nose. He is remarkably harmless in appearance; aminute as one is in these parts who expects rubicund smiles to tring in another hapenny. There is not the least evil in his exterior make-up, nor the least style. His clothes in a town of well-dressed men and ill-dressed women are more suggestive of ten shillings a week than of the banking account, as it used to be, or the London Trues. His alt is neek, modest, retiring. His eyes ha e sparks of hie in them that serve to reveal a haunted or apprehe-sive took crousning in their embers.

prone-sive look crons-ling in their embors. What ine may have been before he paid Richard Fixed tor the forgeries on Charges Steward Farnell and the Hologartes on Charges Steward Farnell and the Hologartes on Charges around this Commission Contrible a man who allowed the had been over the dealth the carlos and had only recently detected the crime without discovering the crimmals. He makes notes occasionally during the proceedings, but they and had only recently detected the crime without discovering the crimmals. He makes notes occasionally during the proceedings, but they aid of glasses and close inspection the faisshoods the Tory evening paper trints, meandactured by Mr. Houston's agents and Lec Caron, who occupies a little crevite in the correct and watched by electives, he hides, anxiously scrutinizing every new lace and startical faint told, by the noise of his own feet when he slips out into the corrose.

Mr. Soames, the Times' solicitor, should be called Mr. Soaps, He has the complexity of faded yellow common soap, with a tinge of lead added to lower the time, hie is a small man, also, and nefitier in shape of head not expression of intelligence surgests than he is the pressent of intelling the sample attention in the pressent of intelling the sample attention is on an arrival supported by the sample attention is a small man, also, and melitier in shape of head not expression of intelling the sample attention is consecration to folly in finding the fless of newspainers whose extracts were to prove new traps for his big wigs, and the patient resignation with which he has beheld as the days pass the steady crumiling of the Times in the course, the his consecration of the firm and the sample at the days pass the steady crumiling of the Times in the course of the French. The aliesed criminal was the bond of furnish senior days the sample attention of evictors by Michael Davitt, the latter, in reply to an irritating intimation by the Attorney-General claimed, it was not relevant to the result has a continuous

titled "French Traits." draws a delicate dis-tinction between exercise and expression. That is exactly the distinction between Sir Henry James and Mr. Ronan. In the face of the one there is expression, fluent, changeful as the clouds at evening, full of shifty light as the clouds over Paris on a summer afternoon, but always indicative of crystallized thought, of similal lancy.

amful lance.

Mr. Honana always in exercise, but never in the long and the same sense. If no thought ever appears on the barapets of Mr. Roman's face on either side the embankment, which is his nose, are always twitching with elfin athis nose, are always twitching with elfin athis is nose, are always twitching with elfin athis his nose, are always twitching with elfin athis his nose, are always twitching with elfin athicanot say. His head is thin and rather siabilike, and his figure is spare and charged with a morbid soil-consciousness that has the same relation to sensitive and organized thought that summer lightning has to the Apirs peal and flash. To change the figure, there is als ways a town meeting golds and flash. To change the figure, there is als ways a town meeting golds his garrulous eyes, there is an increased of their lists, to the ends of his clammy finger time, and one sees the exercise proceeding over his take, proceeding at the same time in his ingers, as the same touch may produce the same impression instantaneously on different electric boards. There is an increasant nimbleness, a wonderful flexibility all over Mr. Ronan that reminds one irresistibly of the copartnership very prevalent in London streets, where the new hurdy-gurdy is larges and robust and the accomplanying antic ancer proportionate over the Ronan over a supposed chink in teatiment and the accomplanying antic ancer proportionate over the Ronan over a supposed chink in teatiment and the accomplanying antic states of the first hone of

of one clay God made us all,

as Mrs. Browning puts it, and though the human potters have turned some of these distinguished tolk over the wheel many times and decorated their faces with the blish of wine and powdered their faces with the blish of wine and powdered the wigs of some and the tresses of others with sliver and set up beside them lackeys in liveries of gold, still of one clay God made as all. The processional aristocratis in court have managed involuntarily to show their low breeding by such habits as cleaning their finger nails in public.

Those that God made without sharing the task with society are, of course, the most interesting witnesses. Simplicity, candor, and a superb fashion of escaping from the roins of the lawyers are their chief traits.

One of them was a seawed gatherer on the coast of Ireland. He was called to refute a falsehood sworn to by an informer. He gave his testimopy with a force that defied all the Judges and the entire army of counsel on both sides. Neither on direct examination would be tell enough nor could be on cross be prevented from telling too much. After vain parrying his testimony was unfinished when the hour of adfournment arrived, and before he was in the box next morning information was conveyed to the prosecution that he had been taken into a drinking place on the Strand during the night and jockeyed by the Pa nellite trainers, if there be such persons. The strand, as everybody knows, is no longer on the water's edge. A conside able city now lies between it and the Thanes. It is as high and dry as Ararat, It is a tholoughlare of omnibuses the principal passage of the West City of London in that section, and no more suggests the roar of pal passage of the West City of London in that section, and no more suggests the roar of waves or the casting up of the vegetation of the sea bottom than London Tower or West-minster Abboy. Nevertheless this dialogue occurred:

waves or the casting up of the vegetation of the sen bottom than London Tower or Westminster Ablov.

Nevertheless this dialogue occurred:

Creek-Examiner (in thunder tones)—Were you on the Strand ast night?

Witness (prompty)—Kess not.

Witness (now him extermination into his eyes)—Were you in a house on the Strand ast night?

Witness (looking very caim and collected—I was not. Cros. Examiner towering his votes into the hiss of a replice. Were you were on the Strand?

Witness—I was.

Cross Examiner (country)—Gathering seaweed, your Honor

There was a profound silence in the court room for a long and thrilling instant. Then smiles broke over the Judges' countenant estike touches of rising sun upon the gray crosts of waves. The convulsion of inn began spreading threughout the court room, and, amid unrestrained peals of laughter. It was discerned that while the furious cross-examiner had been talking about the Strand of London the simple peasant in the witness box, who had never hoard the name of a London street, and had arrived for the first time out of his native hours the new of a London street, and had arrived for the first time out of his native hours the new of a London street, and had arrived for the first time out of his native hours the new of a London street, and had arrived for the first time out of his native hours the new of a London street, and had arrived for the first time out of his native hours the new of a London street and had arrived for the first time out of his native hours the new of the larged brain glowering before him colfd have thought it was possible for him to havegone back there in ten hours for iolicings and breakfast.

Another witness completely routed no less formidable a lawyer than Sir Henry James. He was Secretary of a Land League. The hooks were in his handwriting. On the direct he had disposed of an informer's statement that there was collarion between the League and moninghters, The cross was designed to violence of one kind, the League resorted to violence of one kind, the

What does that resolution mean?

Wine does that resolution mean?

Winess—I applose the man that wrote it knows what it mean!

Sir item's James (growing petolant)—The man that wrote it? Is not that your handwriting? Is not that resolution your handwriting? Bid not you write that jahowing him the book?

Witness perfectly remplacent)—I did.

Witness perfectly remplacent)—I did.

Witness that with the book?

Witness that with the book is up to the central tiffect to Mr. Harrington

Sir Henry James while everybody else laughed heartify—Will you tell me wh tyou did to the man at whom the resolution was directed?

Witness shoredly—Mr harrington disapproved of it, and we voted it down at the arxi meeting.

With that Sir Henry James threw the book down in dispair and chaggin and tod them to call the next witness. Yet the witness was accurate. He had written the resolution in the book simply as secretary; the author of the resolution. another man, began it with "unanimously resolved," but, in fact, it was not carried.

A kindy old priest, upon whose face benevo-

"unanimously resolved," but, in fact, it was not carried.

A kindly old priest, upon whose face benevolence beamed and whose solrit was not to be restrained by geographical boundaries, had a tilt with the Attorney-General, to which that tremendous person could make no reply.

For History Webster—How many families are there in your parish?

Willow-Well, 240 families, and there is another Witness Well, 240 families, and there is another parish next to mine. arist next to mine.

It was a limited statistic Sir Richard Webster wanted, it was unlimited poverty and charity that filled the old priest's mind.

The most famous of the reforts in the record of the Commission occurred early in its career.

An Irish peasant, ascertaining that the London Times was ready to buy testimony for cash, part in advance and the balance on delivery, thought he would make a little money at the expense of the forgery utterer. He came to London, succeeded in getting his trumpery accepted by the solicitor in charge of that part of the business, and then exposed the transaction with so much candor that he found himself in a street light with revolver shots aimed at his bead. He managed by promit flight to save himself, but was brought into court. When repreached with his cowardice he spoke up with an ineffable smile and said: "Sure, it's better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead all the rest of your life."

Yesterday two notable visitors were present. Each in a distinct way denoted the union of the Parnellites and the Liberals. One was Mira Gladstone the other was Charles Stewart Parnell. Both are interesting figures for the next sketch together with a motiey company of English and other types, whose congregation, diverse and else where unparalleled, shows the acute interest all the time felt in the progress of the Commission toward its close.

Margarer F. Sullivan.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

AMERICA COULD HOLD HER OWN.

A Comparison of English and American Champion Athletes. The English amateur field championship meeting was held on the grounds of the London Athletic Club, at Stamford Bridge, Saturday, June 29. Details of the meeting have just arrived. The weather was perfect and the attendance very large. As the performances turned out, it is most probable that had a picked team from this country competed. America would have brought home half of the events. Athletes from this country could probably have won the 100-yard run. running broad jump, putting sixteen-pound shot, throwing sixteen-pound hammer. The events where the result would have been doubtful are the 440-yard run, 880-yard run, running high jump, pole vault, and seven-mile walk. The events which the Englishmen are always superior to the Americans in are the one-mile run, four-mile run, 120-yard hurdle race, and two-mile steeplechase. Out of the thirteen events each country would probably have four

sure winners, and a fighting chance for the other five. The 100-yard run was won by E. H. Pelling, Ranciagh Harriers, in 10% seconds. It is not always wise to jump at conclusions in regard to sprint races, and to say that simply because some men have records of 10% seconds, that they could beat a man who wins a race in 10% seconds. America has Fred Westing, M. A. C.; C. H. Sherrill, N. Y. A. C.; Luther Carey of Chicago, and V. E. Schifferstein of San Francisco all of whom are known to be able to crowd 10 seconds for 100 yards, and in fact all but Sherrill are credited with that time. It would not be considered a certainty that any of these four would have beaten Pelling on this occafour would have beaten Polling on this occasion, for although the time he made does not look extraordinarily fast on paper, still it is not always safe to judge a sprinter's ability by the time credited to him. The probabilities are, however, that with any of the lour sprinter's mentioned in the race America would have won the championship. The 440-yard run was won by H. C. L. Tindall, late Cambridge University Athletic Club, in 484-seconds, which is now the best amaieur record in England. The best American amaieur record is 474-seconds by W. Baker of liarvard, in an exhibition run against time on a straightaway clay trotting track. Baker never showed anywhere near that form in a race on a cinder path, and probably the best man that America has ever seen at this distance is W. C. Dohm of Frinceton College and the New York Athletic Club. Dohm lately inished in a quarter-mile handicap run in time equal to about that which was credited to Tindall, and, although Dohm can, without doubt, beat any man in this country for a quarter mile, it would be idle to speculate on his chances with the late victorious Englishman. Tindall won the race by six yards which shows that he was not pressed. Very few would be surprised if Dohm ran a quarter in an actual race close to 48 seconds, and probably if Dohm had been on a straightaway path the day that he ran as good as 481-s around two turns, he might have done close to 47 seconds for the full distance. The 440 is one of the events for which America would simply have a fighting chance. The same can be said of the Sou-yard run, which Tindall won at the championship meeting in I minute 552 seconds by 12 yards. Dohm recently rac this distance in time thought to be under I minute and 56 seconds, but owing to irregularities in the clocking, the record does not stand. The fastest amateur record do this country is minute 553 seconds by L. E. Myers, 1885. America's representative for this event would be Dohm, for Myers has been a professional for some years. As we said, this would be set sion, for although the time he made does not look extraordinarily fast on paper, still it is not

as Kibblewhile won ensily, the probabilities are that England would have won this event under any circumstances. The same can be said of the four-mile run, which S. Thomas, Ranelagh Harriers, won in 20 minutes 31's seconds by 60 yards. Thomas can beat this by a long way. The only man America could be well represented by is Connell, but Inclinad would undeabtedly come off victorious in it. The seven-mile walk would be a doubtful event. It was won by W. Wheeler, South C. I. Mark won the well represented by is Connell, but Inclinad would undeabtedly come off victorious in it. The seven-mile walk would be a doubtful event. It was won by W. Wheeler, South C. I. Mark won in the seven that it was a seven that it was the work and one in which they would surely prove victorious, is the two-mile steeplechase, which T. White, Spartan Harriers, won in 11 minutes 34's seconds. This race is nooular in England and is very rarely seen here, and on the few occasions that it has been given in this country the jumps have consisted slimply of low brush water in them, which the connectitors have to negotiate. America has no well-known siecelechaser. The 120-yards hurdle race is another event in which England would probably prove victorious, for the hurdlers over there are far-famed. They always run the race on turf, which is much more inviting than charten occasions this country has had retreen that inter-raters over there. The late championship race was won in 16's seconds by A. A. Jordan, N. Y. A. C., on a track, but A. F. Copeland, M. A. C., has a 'etter one, for he has done 121's vards in 16's seconds by C. W. Haward, L. A. C. The best American record is 16's seconds, by A. A. Jordan, N. Y. A. C., on a track, but A. F. Copeland, M. A. C., has a 'etter one, for he has done 121's vards in 16's seconds by C. W. Hamm, N. Y. A. C., on a track, but A. F. Copeland, M. A. C., has a 'etter one of new here. The best amm

WHAT THEY DO IN LONDON. A Little Piece of the Big City Packed with

Americans.

LONDON, July 12,-You would not think that the Americans who are over here are sufficient in numbers to crowd London. They have not done so, either, but they think they have, and there is good reason for their thinking so. They find all the big hotels around Trafalgar square crowded with their countrymen, and then they return to the hotels at the railway depots, or go out among the streets off the Strand to look for lodgings in private hotels. They do this because the guide books all say it is a pleasant and economical way of living in London. But these are all full too. There never was such a crush of Americans in London. The late comers tramp around Norfolk

street where William Penn used to live, and Surrey and Howard streets where Congreve and pretty Mrs. Bracegirdle once had their homes, and at each door they bang the knocker or pull the bell. Almost literally every house is a private hotel, so marked across the front or over the door or on the lamps. At each house either a mald in a white mob cap, or a very stout and red-faced matron says blandly: "Not a single room left in the 'ouse, sir," and then adds: "You're American, aren't you?

Our rooms are all taken by Americans." Funny places are these lodging houses. They are all spick and span outside, but they vary greatly inside. Many of them offer splendid fields for the study of that small game which Sir John Lubbock says our posterity will hunt for with microscopes in the days when there will not be left anything big enough to pursue with a gun. It's a pity for the Americans that the joyful era of the microscope has not already arrived. George Starr. who has just arranged for P. T. Barnum to carry a million dollars out of England this fall, knows all these houses, and he took an American through them on a hunt for a bedroom the other day.

"We've one room on the sixth story," said one matton. "It's two shillings a day." "Are there any extras to pay?" "Oh, very little, Sir." said she; "only a shilling a day for attendance, and a shilling and six pence for breakfast, and the usual extras for soap and lights and tubs and such like

six pence for breakfast, and the usual extras for soap and lights and tubs and such like things, sir."

"What does breakfast consist of?"

"Usus bread and butter and coffee, sir; but it's very good bread and butter and coffee, sir; but it's very good bread and butter and coffee, sir, if I do say it myself. And then if you like an extra breakfast for sixtence more you can have sweets or boiled etgs, sir."

"What are 'sweets?"

"They have them everywhere in England with breakfast, said Mr. Starr.

"Sweets are just jam or marmalade, sir, or honey." replied the lodging-house woman.

"Suppose I got my breakfast somewhere else," said the American.

"We'd 'ave to charge for it just the same," said the woman blandly. "Are it or not as suits you, sir, but we must charge for it, or 'ow could we run the 'ouse?"

They have agreat way of charging forthings, whether you have them or not, in all parts of London. At the very best hotel at this precise moment an American restleman is entertaining his friends with private views of his last week's bill.in which occurs this interesting line: For meals not taken

now calls herself Mrs. Hungerford-Mackay, and very naturally, since, while she was in Paris, there loomed up another Mrs. Mackay, with whom it was not pleasant to be confused. She is living rovally at 7 Buckingham Gate. She has given up Paris for good, partly on account of the other woman and partly because of the death of her favorite servant, who was killed in an elevator. Mrs. Mackay announces a party for the 15th. The cards are marked "smail," but every one knows that her house will be crowded.

Gen. John C. New, the Consul-General, sits in a little office just out of Bishopsgate street in the old city. On the mantel behind him are two framed documents, one bearing the little signature of James G. Blaine and the smaller one of Ben. Harrison, and the other headed by a big Victoria R., as large as a shoestring, and ending with the name "Salisbury." These are his commission and acceptance. He is very happy, though he says he gets lost three times a day in walking about the streets. He ought to be happy, for he has just been to the dinner of the Vintners' crilid, and there are a dozen more guilds yet to give dinners.

So goes the American colony. It makes little impress upon the town, but it is a proud contingent for all that. It is made up of rich and fine men and very lovely women, for the most part, and it is better dressed and carries itself more gayly and independently than any group of its size on the Continent. Wherever any of its members go there is a rain of tips that horrilles the prindent English, who say we are spoiling the servants. There must have been an immense number of Americans in the Alhambra Concert Hall last night, for when the Stars and Stripes were waved on the stare in a piece representative of all nations, the dear old flag was greeted with thunderclans of applause. Out on the street after the play a very queer woman was seen leaving a hotel and entering her hansom with a little girl. She had a telescopically long neck and a low-cut infant's coliar, and her entire costume and appearanc

REVERED AS A NEW MESSIAH. An Old Man who Chews Tobacco and Sells Wings at \$5 a Patr.

From the Atlanta Constitution. Liberty county is greatly excited over the proceedings of a man calling himself Dupont Bell, who claims to be the new Messlah. He is a tall, sallow individual, with long black hair, and he has succeeded in working the negroes of that section up to such a point of excitement that the white people are afraid of serious trouble.

Senator Brailwell, who lives at Hineswell. Direct younts is kept constantly informed as

the negroes of that the white people are afraid of serious trouble.

Senator Bradwell, who lives at Hineswell. Liberty county, is kept constantly informed as to the latest developments in the case. Yesterday he laid aside his work long enough to give a graphic account of the man's career.

"This man Beil." he said, "appeared suddenly in Liberty county six weeks ago. He proclaimed himself to be the Son of God, and the negroes at once went mad over him. They deserted their fields to tollow him and listen to his rantings, and now things are so bad that it is impossible to get hands on the plantations near Riceborough, and some of the crops are being ruined. The negroes kneel before him and struggle with each other for the privilege of kissing his feet.

"He has told them that the great judgment day will be here the 16th of August next and they believe it. He says that the white people have enjoyed their paradise on earth for the black man's turn. On the eagerly looked for 16th swery white man will be turned black and every black man will become white. This prospect can not be cheering to Beil, whose skin is white. He says that his body was born thirty years ago in Ohio, but his soul has lived since the world began. The negroes give him whatever he wants and money flows into his pockets from every side.

"On the 28th of June he was arrested on a charge of vagrancy, but it was impossible to hold him on such a charge, as he had a quantity of money in his possession. If he were to be arrested now 500 negroes would be ready to go on his bond, and I really believe that the would be the best thing for him, but the negroes far outnumber the whites, and there would be a fearful and bloody riot if anything were done to him.

"He knows enough to keep out of the way of the blanters, and ne won't go near a white man if he can help himself. A lew days ago he came near 3 leintosh station, but some of his followers heard that he would meet with a peculiarly warm reception if he entered the village, so he returned to the woods. He

congregation were returning to him, and he said that for every one who came back two left to follow Bell.

"His schemes for raising money are varied and peculiar. The last effort of his genius was to declare that he had sent to his august father for a consignment of wings, which the negroes will need on and after the 16th of August. There was a corner on wings when his requisition reached heaven, and the Almighty was only able to send him 300 pairs. These, he claimed, would be delivered on the judgment day, and in the meanwhile he would sell them at \$5 a pair. Every pair has been bought and paid for, and now the lucky ones are practising the flying motions. He thinks his Father may be able to send him a few more pairs before the great day.

"There is a scheme on foot to get Bell away from his followers, arrest him quietly, and have him sent on the fast train to Savannah to be locked up. That is, as far as I can see, the only way to get rid of the man. He may cause serious trouble any day."

Melver, the colored member of the House from Liberty, when asked about Bell said:
"My Bible teaches me that when the Saviour cones he will appear with a host of angels and

from Liberty, when asked about Bell said:
"My Bible teaches me that when the Saviour comes he will appear with a host of ancels and with great pome and so endor. Now, this man came in a short lacket, looking like a tramp and chewing tobacco. No. sir! I believe when the Saviour comes He will not be chewing tobacco."
Before McIver left Liberty county he had the contents of his corn crib moved into his house, because he thought the negroes who are following Bell about will be hungry after a while,

Wherein Some People are Mistaken in Re-

Many are inclined to regard the wet spring and summer of 1859 as unbreedented, but this is a mistake. The rainfall since January exceeds the average by 13.08 inches, and has probably been g eater than in any year since the establishment of the Weather Burcau and the compilation of accurate statistics; but in the spring and early summer of 1859, just thirty sears ago, there occurred thirty-nine consecutive days during which rainfold at some hour of the day, and during that earlier seriout head a time. But there are read of mention at the day, and during that earlier seriout head a time. But there are read of mention and the spring and the summer head a time. But there are read of mention and the summer head a time. But there are read and a trace of the content o

DETECTED BY DREAMS.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF THE LOCATING OF GUILT.

The Old Red Barn Murder Mystery-Other Instances in which the Supernatural Seemed to Ald in Detecting the Guilty, From the Globe Democrat.

Law reports of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries contain numerous references to supernatural occurrences in court and on the scaffold. One of the most remarkable records of this kind is connected with a murder trial which took place in England early in the reign of the first Charles. Sir John Maynard, one of the first lawyers of the century, is the authority for the supernatural events of the trial, and in his quaint preface to his notes he says he "thought good to report the evidence which was given, which many did hear, that the memory thereof might not be lost by miscarriage of papers or otherwise." One Johan Norkett, a farmer's wife, had died, and at the Coroner's 'quest evidence was given proving that the woman's throat had been cut from ear to ear. At first the jury 'vo f' e redict of felo de se, and the body was interied. But rumors became general pointing to foul play, and the body was exhumed, Thirty days after the death the jury assembled before the body, and four suspected persons were brought in. The only evidence

against the prisoners was that they had slept in an adjoining room and that no one had passed through that room: therefore, if sie did not murder herself, they must be the murderers. What took place at the romarkable post-mortem inquiry may best be described in the words of a Witness at the subsequent trial who was described as "an ancient and grave persented and the prisoners of the lead, which was described as "an ancient and grave persented on the best of the lead which was before a livid color, began the dead body, whereupon the brow of the lead, which was before a livid color, began the dead of the color, whereupon the face, the brow turned and changed to a lively color, and the dead opened and shut one of her eyes and shut it again, which she did three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the ground."

Naturally enough such remarkable evidence as this was received with some suspicion by the court, although the witness, to again quote Sir John Maynard, "was a reverend bease, about 70 years of age, as could be guessed. His testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of an obclousjumpartial character was, however, forthcoming, and the order of the common hangman. Neither of the cities, one of whom was an aged woman could ear be prevailed upon to confess any combilety in the crime.

Of much more recent date was the record of the Cheek Barn Murder," remarkable for the fact that the murder was a discovered through the means of information imparted in a dream. The victim of the nurder was a rustic beauty named Marta Matten, who was a source of eerpetual jealousy among the young men in a village near the English east const. Maria's father was a mole catcher, but the girl was educated beyond the average of village madens. Her first accepted lover was a rich young man named John Corden, who leads the post of the passed away, the barn under which the body was inhered under the boung man

contains the set to accompany him to the spot, which he seemed to without difficulty, but where seemed to the selection of the selection of the selection of the selection and Mrs. Rogers at once read the heroes in the vision. Much alarmed, she fetched her husband, who was also certain they were the two men. When they rose to leave Rogers begged the one he expected to be murdered to remain, but without avail. He nearly fainted with fright after the men had leit, and finally persuaded a neighbor to accompany him to the green spot on the hill, where, sure enough, the tragedy of the dream had taken place in reality. The murderer was tracked and caught and Rogers was the practical witness. His recital of his dream was so vivid that the prisoner at once con essed, adding that he killed his companion exactly as forefold in the dream. The weapon used was a knife, and as eight stabs were seen by Rosers in his vision, so the murderer admitted that he drove his knife up to the handle in his companion body exactly that number of times.

A remarkable interposition of Providence is on record in Paris. In 1766 a yearn jeas-and girl went to Paris and was hired as a doncestic servant by a man whose reputation was excellent, but who was a hypocrite and allbering. He made improper proposals to the young cirk, who refused to understand his meaning of give him any encouragement. This finale not have the first and was hired as a doncestic servant by a man whose reputation was excellent, but who was a hypocrite and allbering. He made improper proposals to the young cirk, who refused to understand his meaning of give him any encouragement. This finale could have the head of the parts of the

A farmer while cutting outs near Greenes born made a missice and the share basis took of the right car. He could probe in the detailed member, wrapped it in his handlerchief, and carried! home His wife sewed; there has position and it has built-mostly, and is doing business at the old stand.